



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

And then spake he with learning deep endowed,¹
 His form with shame and bitter sorrow bowed ;
 " My little ones I reared with holy care,
 How are they caught within the fatal snare !
 Ah ! dearly have I paid, a thousand-fold,
 My erring children's debt of guilt untold."
 Thus spake the faithful shepherd in his woe,
 Covered with ashes and in dust laid low.
 " My tender sheep, in genial shelter reared,
 Lo ! how are they before their season sheared !
 Ah ! where is now Thy promise made of old,
 'There shall not be a widow in the fold' ?"²
 With voices of distress the air is rent ;
 With sobs doth Leah to her despair give vent,
 And Rachel weeping for her children dead ;
 Zilpah with face of anguish, heart of dread,
 And Bilhah grieving for the evil day,
 Her hands to God uplifted in dismay.

Turn, O ye perfect ones,
 Unto your rest again ;
 I will fulfil for you
 All that your hearts desire ;
 Down unto Babylon
 With you My Presence went,
 Surely will I return
 Your sons' captivity.

NINA DAVIS.

THE CONFESSION.

*From the "Royal Crown," by Ibn Gebirol.
 Translated from the Hebrew.*

My God, I know that mine iniquity
 Is heavier than my feeble words express,
 And to recount my trespasses to Thee
 Doth memory fail, for they are numberless.

¹ Jacob : *vide* Midrash Rabbah תולדות and Talmud Megillah, pp. 16 b
 and 17 a. ² Jerem. li. 5.

Yet some do haunt my mind, but these, indeed,
 Are as a drop of water from my sea
 Of sin, whose roaring billows may recede,
 And by confession, calm'd and silenced be.
 O Thou in Heav'n, pray list, and pardon me.

Thy precepts have I scorn'd, Thy Law transgress'd,
 Rejecting from my wayward heart Thy word ;
 Slander I spake, and in my truant breast
 Lurk'd vice indulgent, therefore have I err'd.

Falsehood and pride and violence combined
 To dog my steps and lead them far astray ;
 When men have counsel ask'd, oft did I blind
 Their eyes with fraud, and evil counsel say.

I have rebell'd, blasphemed, yea, scorn'd and lied ;
 I have revolted and perversely done ;
 I have betray'd and stiffneck'd did abide,
 Defiant strove Thy just rebuke to shun.

How have my deeds been sinful, weak and vile,
 My ways corrupt and errant from Thy path,
 Daring Thy precepts with deluding wile,
 To merge beneath the tempest of Thy wrath.

Though great the sorrows that o'erwhelm my brow,
 These sorrows issue from Thy righteous hand
 Where mercy ever dwelleth ; hence I bow
 And court the shaft that sped at Thy command.

My God, I mourn, for self-accusers rise :
 "Thou hast Thy Maker grievously defied,
 Hast acted graceless folly in His eyes
 For mercies, when His judgment bade Him chide."

Thou need'st no service at my humble hand,
 Yet gav'st me life and bless'd my happy birth ;
 Thy spirit bade my budding soul expand,
 To blossom on Thy fair and wondrous earth.

And Thou hast rear'd me with a father's care,
 Strengthen'd my limbs and nursed the tender child
 Lull'd on my mother's gentle bosom, where
 Thine all-protecting wing and blessing smiled.

And when I grew and all erect could stand,
Thou did'st enfold me in Thy fostering arms
Guiding my tott'ring steps with Thy right hand
To manly strength, which scorneth all alarms.

The ways of wisdom did'st Thou then command
To shield my heart 'gainst sorrow and distress,
Conceal'd within the shadow of Thy hand,
When fear and wrath did all the land oppress.

How many an unseen danger have I pass'd !
Before the wound the balm is yet prepared ;
A remedy before the spear is cast,
The foeman vanquish'd ere the war's declared.

Heedless I placed my head 'twixt lion's teeth,
And thou to rescue me their jaws did'st break ;
When sickness held me with her heel beneath,
Thy heav'nly balsam came for pity's sake.

And when Thy judgment thunder'd in the storm
Thy favour arm'd Thy servant 'gainst its blow ;
When death assail'd him in pale famine's form,
Thy halo veil'd him in a saving glow.

When plenty reign'd my share of wealth I won,
But when I roused with provocation sore
Thy wrath, as doth a father to his son,
Thou did'st chastise, that I should sin no more.

Then unto Thee I cried in dire distress,
My soul immortal with Thee favour found,
Thy mercy shed in Thy benign excess
A perfect faith, within my heart, profound.

Among the foolish who blaspheme Thy name
With clamour loud, Thou hast not cast my lot ;
'Mongst erring ones who 'gainst Thy word exclaim,
Thy laws deriding, number'd I am not.

Of visage fair are they, yet foul deceit
Lurketh like leprous spots deep sunk within ;
Though, on the surface smiling ripples meet,
Beneath are billows wild, and black as sin :

A vessel, fill'd to brim with shame and woe,
 Varnish'd with glitt'ring waters to allure,
 Distill'd of malice, virtue's direst foe
 Its touch unclean, defilement to the pure.

I am unworthy of the saving love
 Thou hast to me Thy servant ever shown,
 So must I waft my song of praise above,
 And unto Thee my gratitude make known.

My soul, Thy gift divine, was pure as light ;
 Alas ! no more, my sin hath stain'd its crest.
 I wrestled with the Yezer Ra¹ in might,
 But all too weak I sank—yet not to rest.

Contrite, Thy saving pardon I entreat,
 I feel Thy glory flood my yearning soul ;
 Vanquish'd proud sin is helpless at my feet,
 And I, Thy servant, reach Thy radiant goal.

ELSIE DAVIS.

FROM THE HEBREW "DIVAN" OF R. JUDAH HALEVI.

I.—TO ZION.

Hast thou no greeting for thy captive sons,
 Poor remnant of thy flock, who seek thy weal ?
 "Peace to thee, far and near !" Lift up thy voice
 Through all thy region—west, east, north, and south !
 And "Peace" to me, Hope's prisoner, who sheds [Zech. ix. 12.
 His tears like Hermon's dew, and only longs
 That they might fall (where dews fall) on thy hills.
 Thy woe-gone state I wail with jackal cry,
 But, should I dream captivity restored,
 I am a harp, to echo forth thy songs.
 For Bethel and Peni-ël how I yearn !
 For Mahanaim, and each trysting-spot
 Where angels met thy pure saints of old :
 There the Shekinah neighboured close with thee,

¹ The evil imagination.